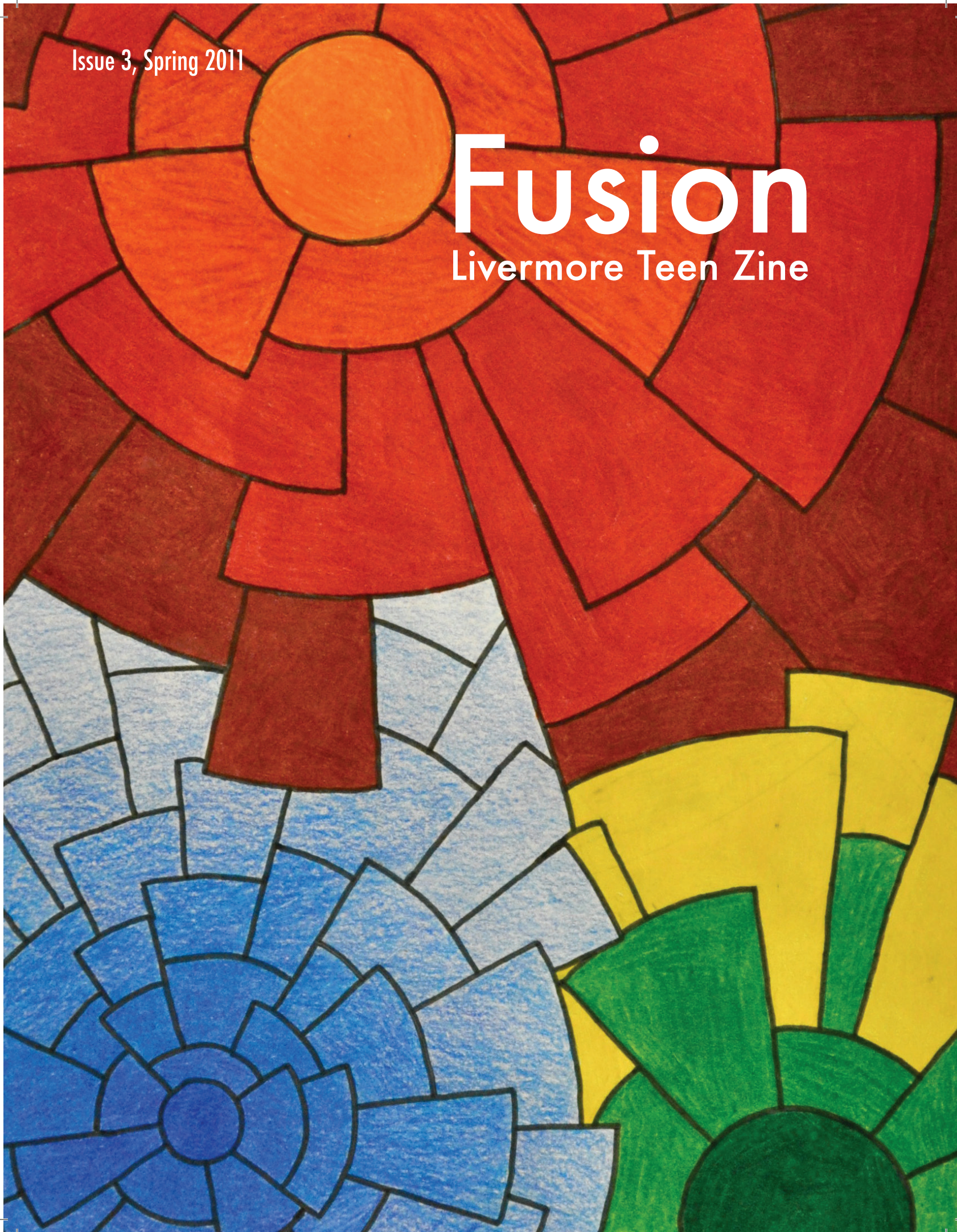


Issue 3, Spring 2011

Fusion

Livermore Teen Zine



Miranda

ANDREW SCHARNITZKE



Thank you to all who submitted to this publication! It could not have been done without your contributions.

Sincerely,

Brian J. Belak

Haley O'Rourke

Cynthia Jing

Brian Belak, Cynthia Jing, Haley O'Rourke
The Fusion Editorial Staff

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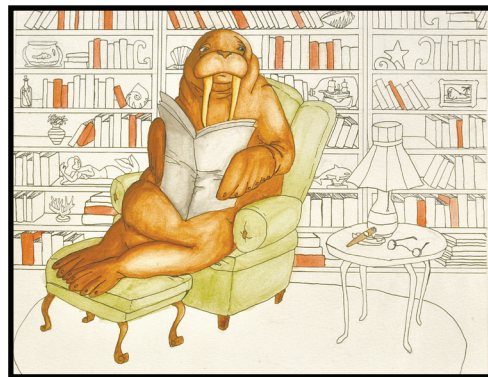
On the Cover:

Endless Tunnels

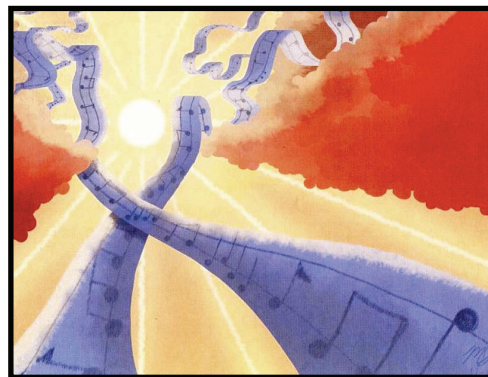
NATHANIEL ZORET-RUSSELL



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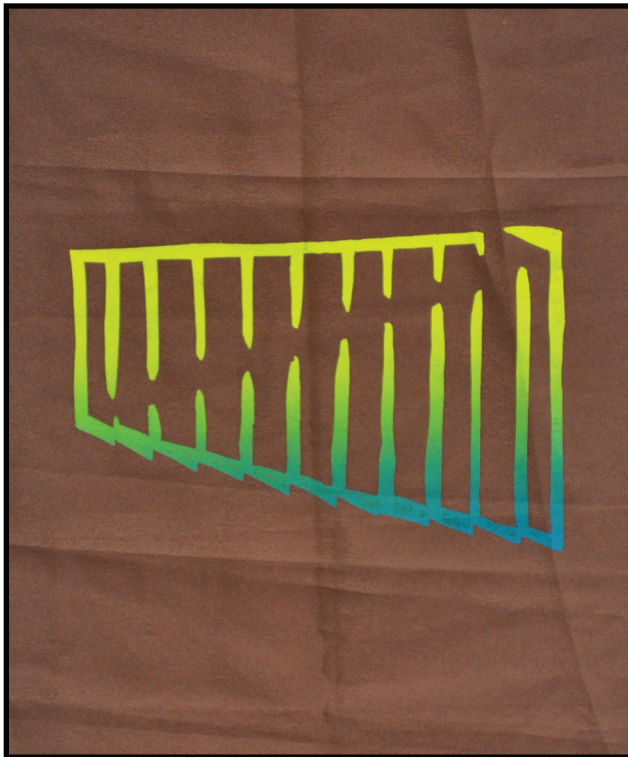
False Face

ZOE KLINGMANN



Flutes

EMMA JONAS



The Fab Four in Poetic Voice

OLIVIA MOWRY

It's the story of Jojo,
who was a man.
It's the dirty story of a dirty man.
I'll be writing more in a week or two.

It starts with a hard day's night
with rocking horse people.
He thought she was a woman.
But love has a nasty habit of
eating marshmallows.

Get back Loretta!
You're not the one
who seems to be right
with the sun in her eyes.
I'm looking through you.
Jojo, you have found her now go—
wait.
She died in the church.
You pick up the rice in the church,
and darn her socks.
Jojo is waiting for someone
to perform with.

Cellophane flowers for
when Jojo's at home feeling.
Hey Jude, don't be afraid.
You look at him.
The world is upon your shoulders
anytime newspaper taxis appear.

I'm a Paperback writer
with all the lonely people
in marmalade skies.
Don't make the dream bad.
Don't make it bad.

Firebird

ANGELINE JACOBY



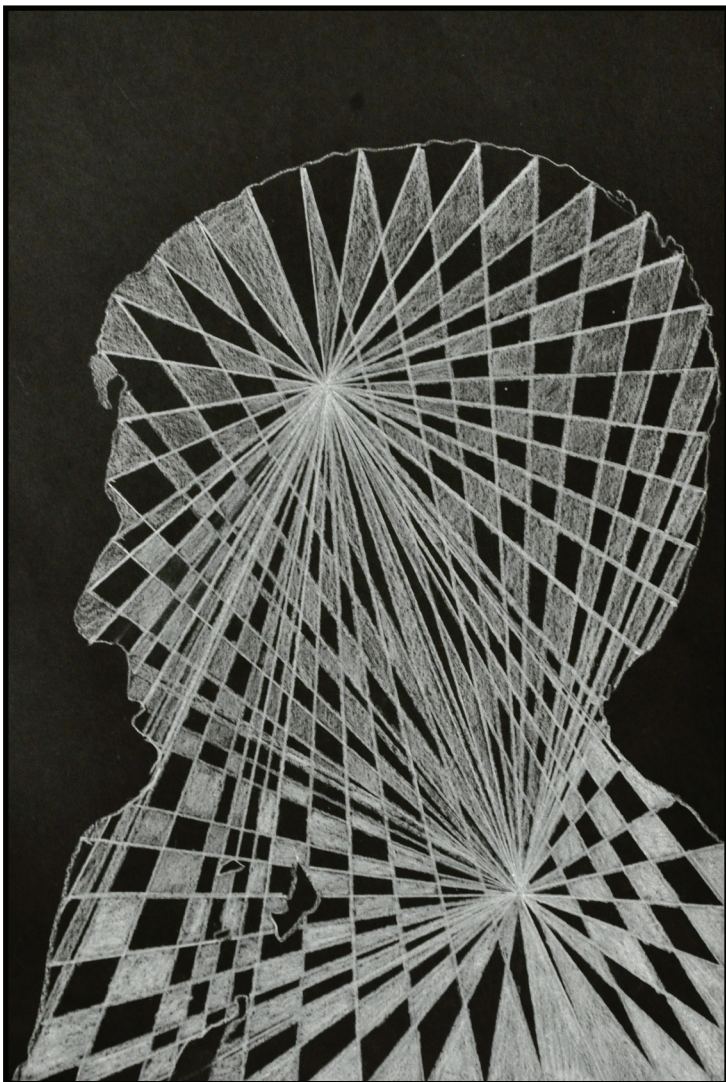
Untitled

DIANA GATEÑO



Geometric Mind

CASEY SOLTIS



The Scientist of Faith

CHRISTIAN TUDINO

He tried endlessly
He distilled
He boiled
He did all the math

With a smile
The scientist
Of genius intelligence
Concluded without doubt
That he could not turn water into wine

Bleachers

TAYLOR STEVENSON



Into the Storm

KRISTA KLINEFELTER



Traveler

HOLLY SIMPSON

Traveler with your bright red hat
Twinkling blue eyes
And smile to match.
Orange checked scarf
And blue plaid shirt.
In that pack you carry
Are toys and sweets
To sell to all the mothers you meet.
You travel roads barren and bare
With just your little pack.
Through golden fields this traveler
Trying to sell his wares walks.

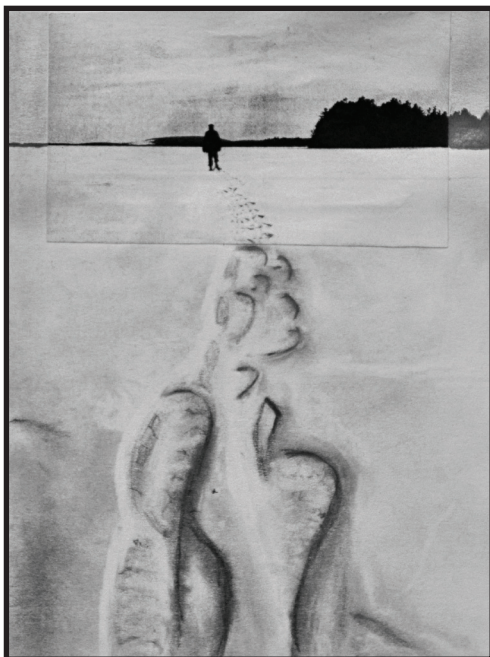
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BRONWYN HAGERTY



Lonely

EUGENE ERWIN



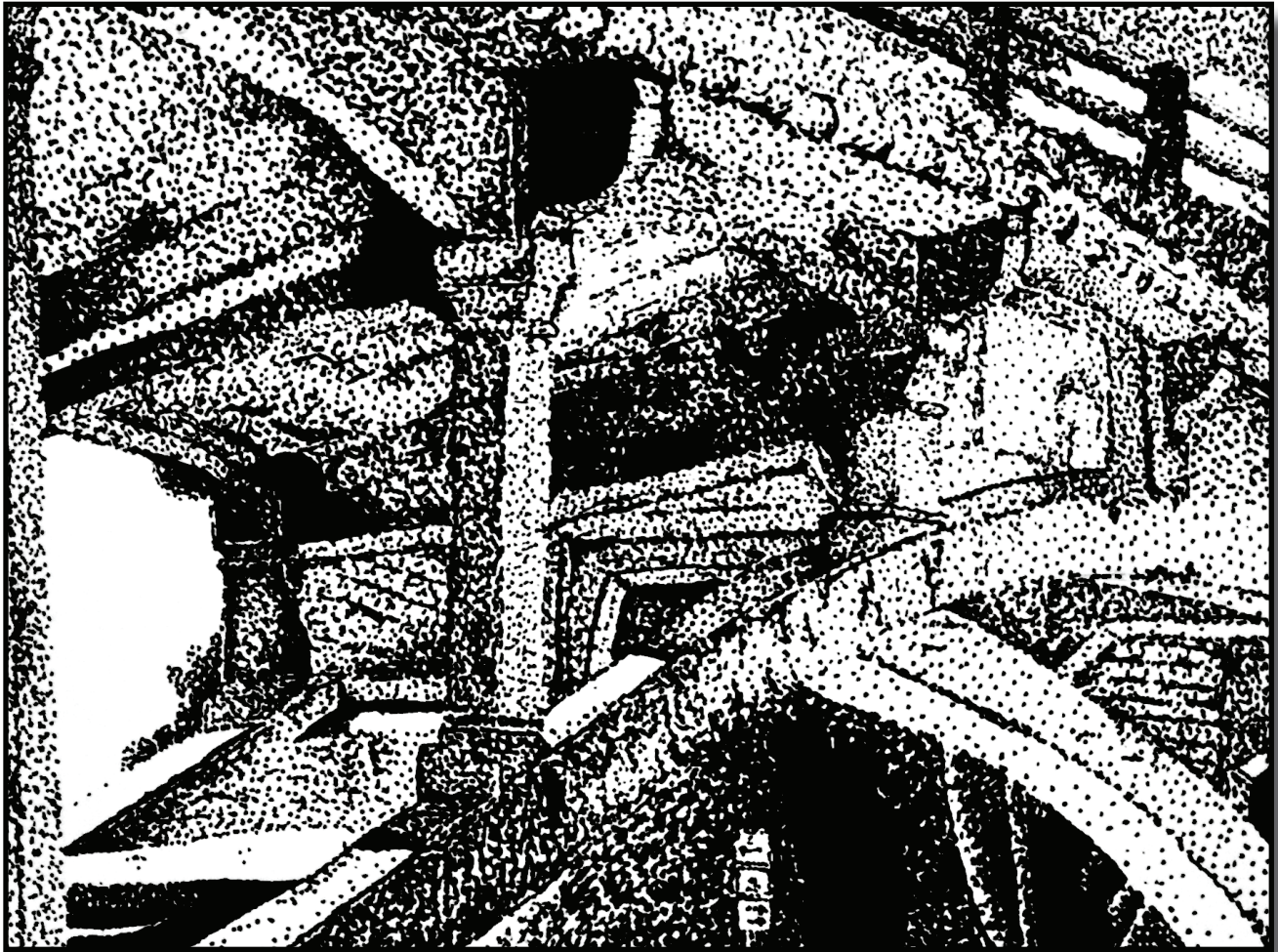
Lotus

AMELIA AARESTAD

Lotus on sunlit water –
Blue that sustains all life –
Symmetry of earth and air;
The balance of the cosmos.

Sunday Drive

NATHANIEL ZORET-RUSSELL



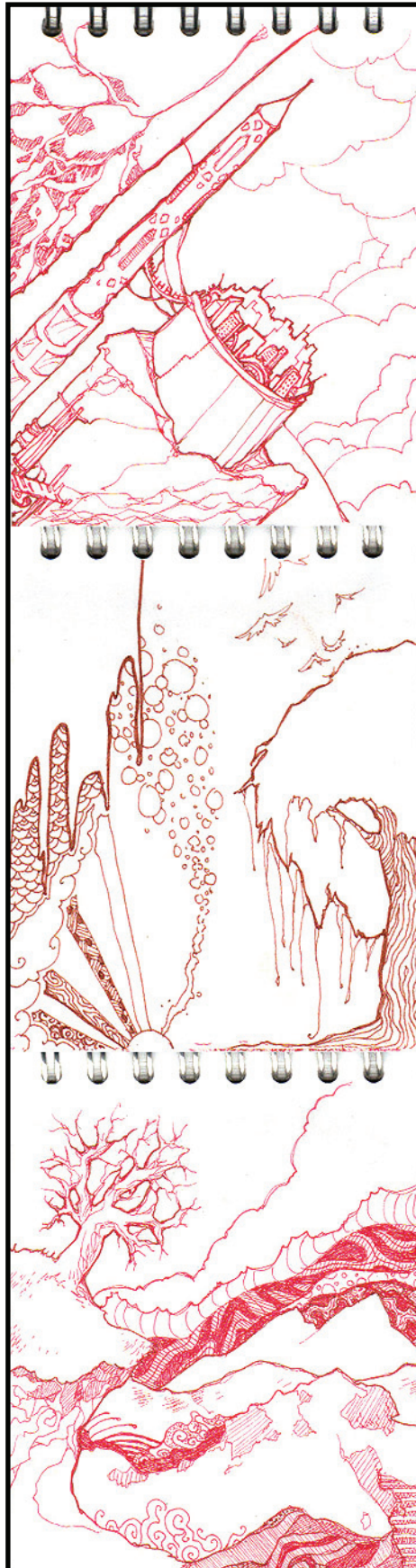
i.become.computer

EMMA JONAS

Pixels melt into my irises
Gray little squares become my pores
Backward text; incomplete words
My forehead is legible in reflection
Reflection only of a silver screen
The blood in my veins; the spit on my tongue
The plug in your socket

Small Book

LAUREN COVEY



Urban Sidewalk

JOEY BENNETT



White Egret

AMELIA AARESTAD

The white egret
As perfect as a sculpture
Pure white
Unruffled
Serene
Until
Snap!
Snatching silver from the water,
The statue is alive once more.

Railroad to Heaven

MEAGAN WHITE



The Human Mind

ZACHARY GARCIA



Vague Memories

NATHANIEL ZORET-RUSSELL



parked

EMMA JONAS

tiny white globes erode
as the wind breathes "spread"
and garnishes explode
in green and yellow-red

a faceless tree with faceless leaves
grabs coolly at the sun
no matter what, it still believes
there is no need to run

Spilled

ANGELICA AGUILAR



A Cozy Evening With Peter J. Walrus

EMMA JONAS



Too bright to see, too loud to hear

VICTORIA DAMESTOY



Reaching

ERIN KRUKOV



November Day on the Town

CHRISTIAN TUDINO

I count the clouds
One... two... three skimpy clouds
The rest is blue
The sunlight hits my face
It warms me, on this brisk day
A burger in one hand
A Dr. Pepper in the other
Basking in the glory
Of a November day on the town
A fountain to my right
A bookstore to my left
A symbol of freedom above me
Proudly waving in the breeze
Saxophones playing a joyous tune
Outside the music shop
Heaven is not far from here

The Whisper in the Pines

CHRISTIAN TUDINO

In the precious silence of dawn
One can hear the wind
As it whispers through the pines
It haunts those
Who know they are guilty
It scolds those
Who dare challenge Mother Nature
It drives to madness those
Who think selfishly
But it seduces those
Who know their true place

Dancing Light

KRISTA KLINEFELTER



A Strange Affair

OLIVIA MOWRY

On fair Sir! On together to Jen!
She does love you. To Jen and beyond
I hope Sir you do frolic away!
You two happily skip to unknown,
far off love! In Berlin, you endure.
And her holiday omelette is evil.
You forgot how her cooking did kill
you inside. Oh fair Sir, is she fire
or did feelings die high from above?
On her either the open, new love
or the need to endeavor. Exceed
her great foresight. Jen has great
expectations. Exceed them good Sir!
She does love you and lyrics you sing!
You are misery? Never! You are strong!
A woman can not beat you out down
and unconscious! Oh Sir you deflate,
understate the clear jewel your love
is. Perhaps you do not speak ill lies,
for your bleeding is Vampires evil rite.

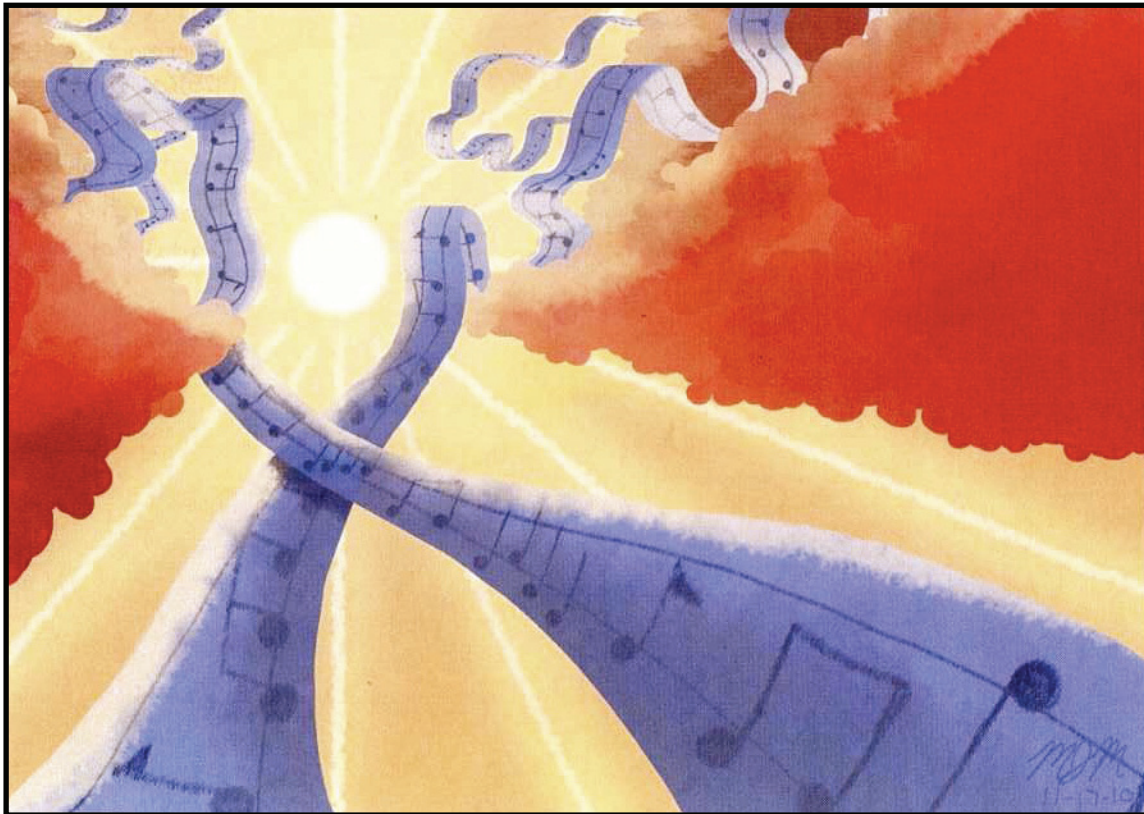
Sunflower

LAUREN COVEY



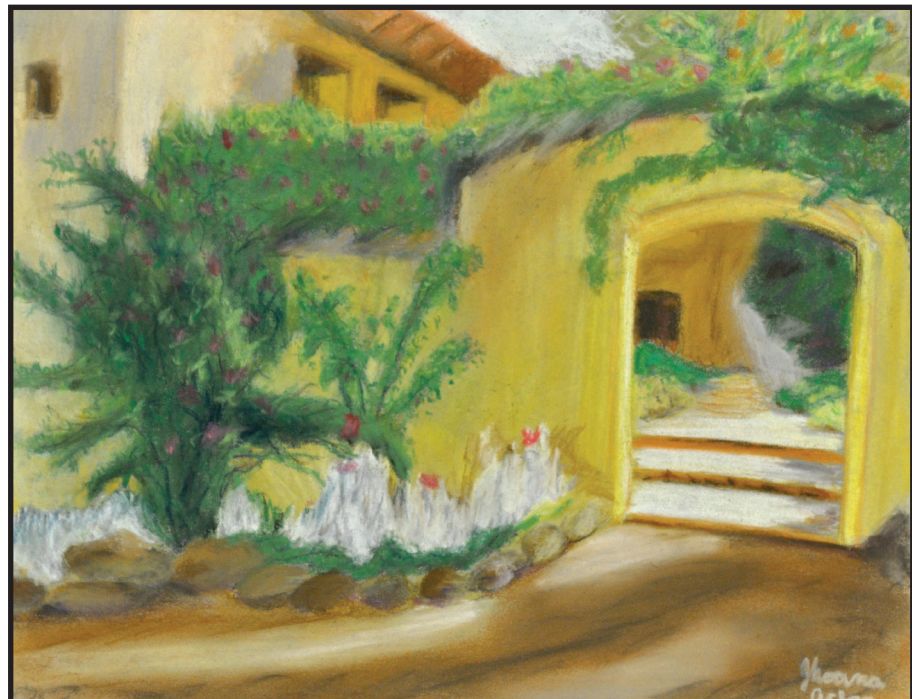
Music in the Sky

MICHAEL MIILLE



Frontyard Flower Porch

JHOANA RONN ACLAN



The Cabin

LOGAN MARCH

Not too long ago, this old cabin wasn't such a bad place. Used to be normal, just like everything else that happened before. Used to be full of happy people, happy things, and happy memories. Mainly, it used to be a vacation home. Often, in the winter time, my family and I would go up and ski or snowboard, maybe even build a snowman or two. Christmas time was magical, with chicken or ham cooking in the oven, the smell wafting into the living room, and multicolor packages hidden under a perfectly decorated Christmas tree. Hot chocolate was a standard drink, which my uncle could make from scratch, and he would never disappoint. The soft, velvety couch and coffee table were accompanied by the elegant decorations of tinsel and miniature reindeer or santas or elves. The fireplace was burning with joy, with everyone gathered around laughing together. This was the way it should be. This was how it was before.

When you look at it now, this is what you would see. There is an old white house with the paint peeling off. Overgrown grass and small, barren patches of ground fight each other for extra space on the half-frozen front lawn. On one side of the house there is a window which is securely locked. Bars are on the outside, like prison bars. Instead of the feelings of warmth, comfort, safety, fun and magic, the abandoned cabin emanates emptiness and claustrophobia. A gutter pipe runs down along the opposite side of the house with slush and water, pouring out onto the ground separating slightly red grass from spent pistol rounds. Mice scurry along, nibbling on the red grass. The roof is broken in several places, allowing sunlight to pierce the darkness of the cabin's hallways and rooms. The once grand and proud fireplace which burned brightly now only holds unlit logs and piles of old ashes. The kitchen has been looted many times over and can only be known to be a kitchen by those who had been there before. Even then, it would be hard to tell.

However, life has returned to this shell of a cabin in the form of survivors, though their stay was far shorter than the previous owners. They are familiar with this new way of life and restock the barely recognizable kitchen with canned goods and dried food. Maybe, for a little while at least, hope may be revived in the old cabin. A little girl wanders about the old house and finds a room suitable for her. She sets up a doll from her life before upon an old, battered dresser used in barricades and its intended purpose. Traces of velvet hang onto the bed in tatters, but the little girl is very pleased. It's her first bed since before, and she runs down the wooden floor her footsteps echoing through the house. The others are also pleased and carefully set their possessions from their lives before on top of dressers or tables or chairs or stools. They

think for a moment. Many of them are tired and weary from their long and often dangerous treks through the desolate wastelands home to numerous untold horrors not from before. They were never meant to be there in the first place, but those from before were very foolish and thirsted for power. Any way was the right way, no matter how wrong it was. The bitter cold of winter was soon to return as the harsh winds exclaimed and foreshadowed with extensive rain and freezing nights. The survivors decided to try to combat this winter invasion by granting the fireplace with new life. Though smoke billowed up and formed an ominous cloud with the soot and ashes of before, it came back and gave off lovely heat and sparkled, if not as brightly as before. The food as well, though not the chicken and the ham and the chocolate and other delicacies, refueled the survivors with nutrition from canned soup and canned ham and dried fruit from before.

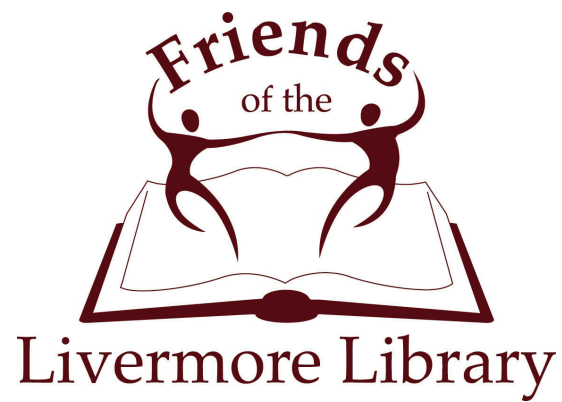
But whatever is given to you will be taken away from you in order to give again to someone else. That is the cycle of life, and the cycle of the cabin. The windows may have been barred and the doors barricaded with miscellaneous objects such as chairs, desks, or tables, yet the roof still had holes in it. Without extra wood or a ladder, nothing could be done. Fear had taken the place of hope and those who were wise enough to realize that the cabin was no longer safe for them, that the dead would find them and force them into their horde and become one of them, chose to leave for safer grounds. Though this was what had to be done, they had already begun to miss the protective walls, the warmth of the fireplace, and the soft velvet from long ago. And then, the need became urgent as the undead were spotted, like flies swarming to honey on a hot summer day. They had no time to gather their supplies and belongings. They had to go. The little girl was sad because she had left her cotton doll on the dresser in her favorite room with the tall ceiling which had no holes and a bed like she had dreamt of before. They all left in such a hurry that the little life that was somewhat restored to the old cabin had been sucked out as if it had never been present in the first place. Then, the blizzards came, freezing the dead and allowing the survivors time to flee, the last kind act the cabin would ever give.

Yet, like all cycles, things come full-circle. The old house with the peeling paint and the crumbs, greedily sought after by the mice from the sewers and mice from the fields, had another set of visitors, these less wise and experienced at this new game of life. They were delighted to find the cabin and searched relentlessly for things from before, finding many such things. A stereo which some could use had a CD still in it with spare batteries nearby. The canned goods which the survivors had worked so diligently for were almost gone in a mere five days. This was a group of partiers, not survivors, who could have sensed that this was not a time to party, but a time to find a path to safety. Yet the partiers were too excited about the velvet and pillows and the possessions from the survivors to think of anything productive to do. Listening to their music, dining on undeserved food and using wood which they didn't help gather for the fire, they spelled their doom as they neglected to shut and lock the front door.

Rascal

SARAH VANCASTER





Many thanks to the Friends of the Library and Cooleykatz Toys for providing the funding to make this expression of teen creativity and culture possible.



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